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"GIVE ME YOUR TIRED, YOUR POOR"

(*See page 123*)

Winning the War of Ideas

SERMON BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

THERE is, I take it, no serious question as to what the revolutionary idea of human society is that one finds in the New Testament. That radical Christian philosophy has two elements. It starts with individual personality as the unit of supreme value. Persons, one by one, are children of God, each with eternal issues in his life, and what happens to persons, and what becomes of them, is of supreme concern. And second, because persons, one by one, are thus supremely valuable, racial, national, and class lines that divide persons are of secondary importance. A person is a person, whatever his race or class or on whichever side of a national line he happens to have been born. So in the New Testament individualism moves inevitably out into universalism. The New Testament begins by saying, "It is not the will of your Father who is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish," and it ends by saying, Therefore, neither male nor female, Jew nor Greek, Scythian, barbarian, bond nor free, but one man in Christ.

One never understands the radical revolution Jesus wrought in human thinking until one approaches him this way. He began with a kind of individualism that inevitably goes on to universalism. Here, for example, is a text that sums up in dramatic form the very essence of the New Testament's message: Christ died "for every man." That is individualism. It lifts persons up one by one into supreme importance, but it inevitably involves universalism. Christ died for every man, of every race, every class, every nation. As Dr. Goodspeed translates that text in the Epistle to the Hebrews: He tasted "the bitterness of death on behalf of every human being."

Now this Christian philosophy, far from being merely historic or abstract, is in the very thick of this present world conflict. Indeed, I wish we of the democracies were as clear sighted about this matter as are the Nazis themselves. One of the Nazi leaders recently made a statement in which he said that this world revolution is at bottom a struggle between two philosophies, the "racial-national" on one side, the "individualist-universalist" on the other. Those hyphenated polysyllables are his Teutonic way of putting it, but what they mean is clear. This is not simply a war of arms, he says, but a war of ideas, and from the Nazi's point of view here are the two major philosophies involved: on the one side, the racial-national idea —that is, the supremacy of the racial state as the one pre-eminent object of devotion, to which all persons must be subjugated; and on the other, the individualist-universalist idea—that is, the supremacy of persons, one by one, as the object of pre-eminent concern, and, therefore, a universalism that, overriding national and racial lines, sees all humanity in terms of God's fatherhood and man's brotherhood.

Here, indeed, is a war of ideas between two irreconcilable philosophies. On the one side, the supremacy of the nationalistic state is conceived as so

absolute that the Fascists even sum up the whole duty of man in three words—"Believe, Obey, Fight!" That is to say, Believe in the state, obey the state, fight for the state—that is the whole duty of man. But the Christian gospel sees national lines as negligible in comparison with the great reality that persons, one by one, are infinitely valuable, and that, therefore, all mankind is by right one universal family regardless of nation, race, or class. Today this Christian philosophy is no abstract affair. The world in the end must choose, not theoretically alone, but practically, which road it will travel—the racial-national, or the individualist-universalist. That is the profoundest decision confronting mankind today.

Now, we are tempted to think of Germany, Italy, Japan, as all on one side of this question, and of ourselves, the democracies, as all on the other. To be sure, the Nazi and Fascist leaders are self-consciously and outspokenly on one side of the question. That is true. But even one look at ourselves should convince us that the struggle between these two philosophies is not simply outside us, between nations, but inside us, inside every one of us sitting here. Indeed, listen to this letter from a German Christian, written to his English friend after this war started: "With these lines I have to say farewell to you. We have to expect to be called for military service in Germany. What this means for men like ourselves, who were blessed in these years of friendship and trust, by fellowship and love of Christians all over the world, that cannot now be expressed in words. . . . Now we have to go the way into darkness. . . . And if the day comes when the light of God and His mercy will shine again upon our peoples and Churches, then do remember, my dear friend, if I am still alive, that there is a friend of yours in whose heart all the spiritual heritage of thirteen years, does not fade away, and who will be ready for all the work of God after this time of great temptation."

So there is a German Christian within whom the struggle is going on between these two philosophies. The racial-national state lays its hand upon him, and for patriotism's sake he obeys, but deep within him also the individualist-universalist way of thought and life is, in his highest hours, most real to him, and to it his soul belongs. Friends, we cannot thrust this war of ideas off, as though it were only a matter of conflict between Germany and Britain. Inside men and women on both sides of the battle lines, and inside every one of us here, this war of ideas is being waged. Two irreconcilable philosophies of life clamor for our allegiance. How shall we resolve that conflict? What can we do about it? What would you have that German Christian do? The nationalistic state does have claims upon us. The question is not simple. Who of us does not face this issue now?

As we try to help ourselves in this matter, let us say first that we can at least make up our minds to which of these two philosophies we personally are committed as the hope of the future.

If some one says, That is easy—I am all against this Nazi theory of the absolute national state, I beg of you do not say that too lightly. For nationalism has been the dominant doctrine of our whole era, just as feudalism was of a preceding epoch, and we all have been and still are under its powerful influence. Granted, that when Hitler says, "We do not want any other God

than Germany," he states the matter in an extreme form that shocks us! Nevertheless, the creed of nationalism has been the creed of all the world for a century and more, and we all have shared it: each nation a sovereign unit, acknowledging no control save its own independent will; each nation within its own borders exercising an almost absolute control over its citizens, especially in wartime, conscripting life, property, food, business, opinion, and conscience; each nation bolstering up this tremendous claim to supremacy with emotional patriotism that transfers to the national unit the old absolutism of the divine right of kings. This doctrine of nationalism has been the whole world's dogma. Every nation has illustrated it, more or less believed in it and lived by it, and the Nazis and Fascists today are simply exemplifying it in its extreme form and logical conclusion.

And now to recognize that the day for this doctrine of nationalism is done, that in the light of contemporary facts it is as obsolete as feudalism, that its continuance can only mean an ever deeper hell on earth, that a new era is on us in which not nationalism but internationalism is indispensable, calls for a quality and courage of thinking that many Americans are not measuring up to.

We all fear the continuance of this war, but I also fear the ending of it. Wars whip up nationalism in its worst form. Only the other day Mussolini plead with his people for hate, "that cold, conscious, implacable hate, hate in every home, which is indispensable for victory." War always works that consequence, so that whichever side wins a war, and whatever problems may be temporarily solved thereby, the total effect of war is almost certain to be more and worse nationalism than before. Whichever side wins, the whole world in the end loses, for the hatreds roused in war make nationalism go from bad to worse. The worst thing about war is what comes when it stops. A man once fell from the roof of his house, and when asked if the fall hurt him, answered, "No, the fall did not hurt me. It was the stopping that nearly killed me." So, the greatest curse of war is not its process, terrible as that is, but its aftermath. The racial-national philosophy in worse forms than before is the most likely winner of all world wars, and the racial-national philosophy, my friends, is Christianity's major enemy today, a more explicit denial of everything Christ stands for than any theoretical atheism could ever be.

See! Hitler is out to unify the world. That is a great idea. The world desperately needs unifying. One way of achieving it is imaginable—a master race strong enough to take the world in hand and whip it into shape. If we say, as we do, that we cannot and will not stand for that, then what is the alternative, since one way or another the world must be unified? Surely, it is not national isolation. I am an incorrigible non-interventionist so far as belligerency in this war is concerned, but I do not see how any man intelligent in his thinking or Christian in his philosophy can be an isolationist in his planning for the future. Isolationism means keeping the *status quo*. It means the indefinite continuance of the nationalistic structure and theory. No! If in the realm of ideas we are going to defeat Hitler's method of unifying the world, we must do it not by isolation but by another way of unifying the world. That is the only wave of the future I can see.

We have seen strange things in these recent days—Britain, for example, offering a common citizenship to France. Think of the history of France and Britain, and who could have imagined that that would come, not as an ideal but as a realistic proposal by hard-headed men facing stubborn facts? In our own country *Union Now* with all the other democracies is being proposed and backed by able and patriotic men and women. I am not a sponsor of that proposal in any form so far presented, but the fact that it is proposed is prophetic. A new era has dawned, it says, in which not the old nationalism, but internationalism must come to unify the world, for the world must be unified one way or another. One of our public leaders once said about the Socialists, in their endeavors to improve economic conditions, that the only way to beat the Socialists was to beat them to it. I say that about Hitler. The only way to beat his idea of unifying the world is to beat him to it with a better idea.

Now no one is wise enough to furnish a blueprint of the new internationalism that must come, but the philosophy that must underlie it, if human life is to have any decent hopes, is clear. Not the racial-national idea—only slavery and despair lie ahead of that—but the individualist-universalist idea: persons, free persons the units of supreme value, and, therefore, national and racial lines secondary, subservient, and at last negligible, in the endeavor to make life worth while for all persons. Well, it would help some if increasing millions of people clearly saw that they must be personally committed to that philosophy as the hope of the future.

This first step alone, however, does not carry us out of our difficulty. We still, like that German Christian, have nationalism on our hands, and not only can we not get rid of it, but we do not want to. There are real values in it. So we must now face the fact that the way out into the internationalism we desire, based on a fundamentally Christian philosophy, lies not in eliminating nationalism but in redeeming it.

Nationalism is not all loss. It is like an egg shell. An egg shell does protect the growing life within it up to a certain stage. Then, to be sure, the shell must be broken if the life is to survive and go on, but despite that, we must not underestimate the importance of that shell's function. So nationalism has had and still has a great part to play in human life.

For example, every great nation represents within itself some of the finest meanings of internationalism. Were you not brought up, as I was, on books like *The Scottish Chiefs*, and *The Days of Bruce?* How Scotland and England hated each other! What bloody wars they waged against each other! But then nationalism came and included them in one patriotism, eliminating a whole area of war. We constantly think of nationalism as saying, Get your guns! We forget the wide and once violent areas within every great nation, where nationalism has said, Put up your guns!

Consider our own land. In 1760 an Englishman visited this country and wrote this about it: "Fire and water are not more heterogeneous than the different colonies in North America. Nothing can exceed the jealousy which they possess in regard to each other. The inhabitants of Pennsylvania and New York have an inexhaustible source of animosity in their jealousy for the trade of the Jerseys. Massachusetts Bay and Rhode Island are not less interested

in that of Connecticut. Even the limits and boundaries of each colony are a constant source of litigation. In short, such is the difference of character, of manners, of religion, of interest in the different colonies, that I think, if I am not wholly ignorant of the human mind, were they left to themselves, there would soon be a civil war from one end of the continent to the other; while the Indians and Negroes would, with better reason, impatiently watch the opportunity of exterminating them altogether." So that is what we once were like here; and then nationalism put us together and across a vast continent said to millions of men, concerning old animosities, Put up your guns! Thus nationalism has blazed the trail out toward internationalism, and in a country like this has shown, over a vast area, how through federation we can get both unity and liberty.

Moreover, the national state today is of incalculable importance in the realm of social service. The old negative idea of government—that government is best which governs least—has necessarily been overpassed in our new world of interrelated living, and a positive idea of government has risen, so that no one can be concerned about wide areas of social service without caring about the nation. Public health, social insurance, unemployment, labor conditions, monopoly conditions, conservation of natural resources, housing, hospitals, educational institutions—no one can care about such areas of personal and social need without caring about the nation. Nationalism done for? Not if it is redeemed. It can be a trail blazer into a new era for liberated personality.

My friends, the place to begin working out the individualist-universalist philosophy of life is within the nation. The defense of democracy must start within democracy. It is a lot easier to damn the Nazis because they outspokenly deny the individualist-universalist philosophy than it is to practise it ourselves. We have barely begun to do that here. One million, eight hundred thousand sharecroppers in a desperate plight—that is no application of the individualist-universalist philosophy. One of our nurses working in the destitute portions of this city used a phrase the other day—"the dangerous poor." So, the poor so poor that they are the breeding places of physical and moral ills contagious to the whole community; the poor so poor that they are tinder for the flame of violent resentment and revolt—that is not the individualist-universalist philosophy. Or racial hatred — anti-Semitism that turns up little Hitlers even in this city—that is the racial-national philosophy at work in America. Consider! The last presidential election was important, was it not? Americans were stirred to vote that time, were they not? Well, in one state in this Union 5.2% of the people voted. In three other states 10.0%, 10.3%, 10.4% respectively voted. Why? Because of discriminatory laws deliberately passed to shut out from the suffrage certain races and classes. One of the best definitions of democracy I know is that it is the individualist-universalist philosophy put into practise. But if that is so, we are not yet a democracy.

Lord Milner, a great Englishman, on one occasion said: "The last thing which the thought of the Empire inspires in me is a desire to boast—to wave a flag, or to shout 'Rule Britannia.' When I think of it, I am much more inclined to go into a corner by myself

and pray." So, when I think of America today, neither flag waving, nor singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" expresses my patriotism. I want to go away by myself and pray that in this country we may succeed in redeeming nationalism until we become here a real democracy, an incarnate argument for the individualist-universalist gospel.

Finally and logically, then, this leads us to face our own personal lives. For if this Christian philosophy is ever going to be the basis of a new internationalism, and, as precedent to that, of a redeemed nationalism, it must, precedent to that, be believed and lived by persons above the average and ahead of the time. All the major changes for the better in human history have started in individual consciences. The other day I ran upon this sentence: "Smith College began in the conscience of a New England woman." All worth while things thus begin in people convinced of a new idea, captured by a new vision of what might be, who, as a creative minority, begin living on the basis of that new vision long before its public acceptance seems possible. Today the victory of the Christian idea of life over the racial-national idea, depends ultimately on that.

Indeed, how many of us, honestly searching our own consciences now, can find spots where we ourselves are living on the racial-national basis?

All racial prejudice involves that. It is not just our personal whim and fancy that we do not like Japs or Jews or Italians or Negroes, or what you will. All such lumping of masses of God's children in one group, and cherishing prejudice and dislike against them, is our share in the most powerful enemy that Christianity faces today — the racial-national philosophy. Let us, at least, get ourselves out from under the support of that anti-Christ. It is easier by far to shout in general for the defense of America against the Nazis than it is to be sure that we ourselves are not entertaining some of the worst attitudes that naziism stands for, and racial prejudice is one of these.

Or again, all subjection of the individual conscience to the nation, so that the nation becomes, as it were, God, and we give up our honest convictions even when we are persuaded that the nation is wrong, is the racial-national philosophy. We honor Niemoeller because in the face of that philosophy, grown dominant and arrogant, he refused to surrender his primary allegiance to the one God of all mankind. Well, in forms less dramatic there is plenty of call now among us for that incorrigible refusal to surrender conscience to the state. That refusal is basically involved in being a Christian, and happily it is involved as well in being an American. Listen to this from a decision by Chief Justice Hughes: "In the forum of conscience duty to a moral power higher than the State has always been maintained. . . . The essence of religion is belief in a relation to God involving duties superior to those arising from any human relation." So! Every Sunday in the Navy the white flag of religion is flown above the stars and stripes. It is the only flag that ever is flown above the stars and stripes. It is the symbol of a whole theory of life, the essence of our liberty, and the evidence of our protest against the racial-national philosophy. The state is not God.

Any way we look at it this war of ideas is going on within us all. We commonly call it dictatorship against

(Concluded on page 125)

Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

Eternal Spirit, Who holdest the stars in Thy leash, and art at home in every humble and contrite heart, we would open our spirits hospitably to Thy visitation. We are not worthy that Thou shouldst be our guest. When we think of Thy coming into our hearts we would hurriedly hide evils we have done and tempers we have cherished; we would throw a new garment on to conceal what we really are; we would sweep our inner house and dust our common life to prepare ourselves for Thine entrance. Save us from such vain endeavors. Here we are, just as we are, for Thee to see. Here are our hearts, open to Thy coming, not because they deserve Thy visitation, but because they need it.

Enlighten our penitence, we beseech Thee, and make it wise. We live with a vague sense of unworthiness; we know we are not right within; but we do not pause thoughtfully to look at ourselves in Thy light; we live unexamined lives; our consciences complain but we do not grow quiet enough for the still, small voice to tell us what our sins are, where we are hurting others, betraying our own souls, and disappointing Thee. Speak to us personally today until we understand ourselves and our penitence becomes intelligent and transforming.

Steady us amid these turbulent days. The world's catastrophe is our catastrophe; we seek no exemption from the burden-bearing of mankind. Inasmuch as disaster falls upon the least of these, our brethren, it falls upon us. Enlarge our sympathy and our practical usefulness to the stricken peoples of the world, and as we pray for the downtrodden and oppressed, the hungry, the embattled, and imprisoned, so may we labor, too. But amid the shattering events and tempestuous emotions of our time, keep in our souls an inner sanctuary, inviolate and still. Give us a place of swift and sure retreat within our souls, where the world's angry voices die, and Thou alone art real. There let quiet assurance come, and inner resource to make us adequate for life, and goodwill strong enough to face the world's hate, and love deep enough to pray for our enemies. Day by day, in these troubled times, help us to live from a great depth of being.

O God, Who canst make even the wrath of men to serve Thee, overrule the madness of these angry days. See how the floods rise to sweep away the gains of ages and leave to our children an era darkened by hate and devastated by war's ruinous result. O God, Who art stronger than the floods of man's insanity and hate, be God now! Arouse among all the peoples a deep revulsion, not against one another, but against this common madness that is destroying us all. And at last, since Thou hast beckoned us to peace and we have not followed Thee, drive us to peace with the scourging of Thy just punishment upon our sin.

Visit every heart here with Thy compassion. O Eternal Spirit, Who art as great and blazing as the sun and yet can be as gentle as the sunshine, calling out the flowering beauty of the spring, be gentle with some souls here today, and in bereavement, anxiety, fear, and loneliness, come with Thy healing and Thy peace. We pray in the spirit of Christ. Amen.

Builders

An Historical Pageant

Poem by Jeanette Perkins Brown

A Neighborhood Night Program Presented on Friday, February 14, 1941, in the Nave of the Church Under the Direction of the Neighborhood Night Committee

Stage Director: Miss Gertrude Fagan
Chairman of Exhibition: Mrs. Hoxie N. Fairchild
Readers: Lily Caston, Martha Biehle, Herbert Senftleben
Chairman of Arrangements: Mrs. William H. Blake
Program: David H. Scott
Organist: Frederick Kinsley

Coöperating Agencies

Manhattanville Day Nursery
George Bruce Memorial Library
New York Historical Society
Museum of the City of New York
The Sheltering Arms
International House
Church of the Master
Morningside Coöperative Group
The Riverside Church:
The Riverside Guild
The Senior High School
The Parents Fellowship

Prologue

We stood upon a high hill, in a timeless world.
So high the hill was, and so clear the air,
There was no limit to our view.
We looked across the centuries
And saw an endless panorama reaching back,
And stretching far ahead;
And in the panorama, scene on scene
Revealed itself in varying degrees
Of light and shade. A blurring dimness first,
Then bold, as if in blaze of sun, with clear-cut outlines; while the sounds
Of peaceful waters, fife and drum or singing voices gave
The picture color, tone and life.
Then as the music or the clamor died
So dimmed each picture in a sunset mist
Until it merged
With gray beginnings of another dawn.

Midway between the future and the past
We stood, the scene before us, nearest us,
Vibrant with life familiar to our day:
Our views, *our* songs, our little history,
Our age, a century's important span.

But we were on a high hill, in a timeless world.
The scene receded, took its place, no more, no less
Important than the rest. Important only as it used
Its heritage from scenes that gave it birth
And gathered wisdom for the age to come.

I

Along the River

Flowing southward to the ocean,
Passing palisade and lowland,
Into peaceful inlets rippling,
Gently sloping shores caressing,
Flowing south in ceaseless motion
Moved the broad, majestic river,
Flowed the River of the Mountains
In the days that are forgotten.

All along the wooded shore line
In the days that are forgotten
Rose the smoke of many camp fires,
Camp fires of Canarsees, and
The camp fires of the Wappingers,
And the Reckagawawanks,
Stock of wandering Algonquin
Settled now beside the river,
By the River of the Mountains,
By the Mohicanituck.

Of the richest tribes, these Redmen,
Living well in peace and plenty,
Hunting, trading skins of wildcat,
Skins of otter and of beaver;
Catching fish, and making wampum
From the oyster shell, blue spotted;
Polishing the shells of oysters
Making wampum that was precious
More than wampum of their neighbors,
(Made from shells of periwinkle).

So they lived in peace and plenty,
Masters of the land and water,
Owing none, and knowing only
Ways of their own tribe and people;
Knowing not the land they lived on
Could be claimed by stranger races;
That their children would be banished
From their woods and from their river.

Now there sailed from out the ocean
Up the shores of Ma-na-ha-ta
Henry Hudson's little "Half Moon,"
Came to rest beside the island
At the north end, near the river
Known today as Sawmill River.
So the Whitemen met the Redmen
As they came into their village,
Little town of rounded houses
Of the Reckagawawanks.

Friendly Redmen gave them welcome,
Gave them beans and corn and oysters,
Sold them furs for knives and hatchets,
Watched the pale-faced traders leaving
Down the river, toward the ocean.

Back in Amsterdam headquarters
"Pleasant shores," the ship reported,
"Fine as you need tread upon,
Hills of forests, flats for farming,
Streams and rivers full of water,
Friendly Indians to trade with
In the island Ma-na-ha-ta."

"Good, a trading-post we'll have there,
Name the post New Amsterdam, and
Send our people there to settle
On the flats of Ma-na-ha-ta,
Work the land and send us tribute,
And put guilders in our pockets."
So they spoke, and so they sent here
Companies of men and women
Through the years to Ma-na-ha-ta,
And they offered to the Redmen,
Unsuspecting, peaceful Redmen,
Sixty guilders' worth of trinkets
For their island fields and woodlands,
Sixty guilders for their homeland
By the River of the Mountains.

Hear the drumbeats of the death march,
March of death and banishment,
As the Redmen's light is fading
Into dimness—into darkness.

"AND THEY OFFERED TO THE REDMEN
SIXTY GUILDERS FOR THEIR HOMELAND"

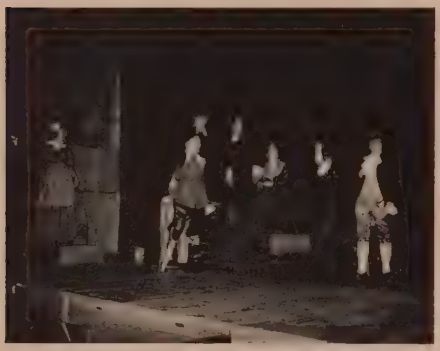
II
The Dutch Occupation

A new and different life supplants the old,
No longer like a peaceful pastoral,
But full of busy-ness and bickering.
For as the Dutch West India Company
Sought to guard for its own profit
All the trade along the river,
It granted lands some sixteen miles in length
To holders who could man the huge estates
With groups of fifty farmers and their wives
To till the soil and plant, and raise their stock
To line the pockets of the manor lords,
Who paid the Company in turn for rights.

So Holland sent its bands of men and women
Who left their names and set their stamp
On water-front and farmlands, forts and rivers.
Manhattan's point became New Amsterdam;
Neat homes sprang up and thriving bouwerij—
(To give the Bowery its name today).
The women planted gardens from the seed
They brought from Holland,
And fenced them in from roaming pigs and chickens,
And even forced the men to pave the ground
To keep their tidy homes from mud and dirt.
Fort Amsterdam was built against attacks,
And schools and courts were soon established here.
The Dutch Reformed Church held its sway
For many years, and forceful Dominies
Took issue then, as now, with words and deeds
Of those who held the reins of government.
Old Dominie Bogardus thundered forth
Against vile practices

Of high and low alike, and left his name
For future generations to repeat
In tones resembling his
When irritated by "Bogardus 4—"
Of telephone Exchange.
Our neighboring river, named by Hudson's pen
"Great River of the Mountains," now became
The River of the Prince Mauritius.
Across the bay was Staaten Eylandt,
Across the eastern river, Bruecklen.
Along the fertile flats of Harlem River
Broad farms stretched, windmill dotted;
The tract to north and east,
Assigned the family of Jonas Broncke,
Was called, "The Bronckes'" thereafter.
To westward lay Manhattanville,
"The Village in the Hollow," it was called,
Our neighborhood; to us familiar ground.

The city grew, but not in ways of peace;
The constant influx to its port
Of folk from many nations lured by hope
Of wealth, and bound together with the single bond
Of selfish gain, brought wrangling
And bitter strife, among themselves,
Or with the Indians whose lands they won,
Whose furs they smuggled out
In spite of rights set up
By those as predatory as themselves;
With manor landlords whose demands of rent
And shares of crops and stock
Left tenant farmers poorer than they were.
Quarrels, riots, shameful massacres
Brought in a new director general,
One Peter Stuyvesant, to maintain peace.
Old Silver Peg, they called him
With silver-studded wooden leg.



"SURRENDER! IN THE NAME OF CHARLES THE SECOND, KING OF ENGLAND"

His government was strong and won respect.
Though mutterings continued, outbreaks ceased.
His name of Stuyvesant, and White Hall, once his home,
Mark many a city land-mark of today.

For fifty years the Dutch control
Continued without challenge.
Now twilight falls, and sunrise lights
A new fleet in the harbor;
"Surrender! In the name
Of Charles the Second, King of England,
We claim the colony of New Netherland
For his most gracious brother,
Duke of York and Albany!"
(Manor Lords): *"Let them take it,*
What care we?
From tribute paying
We'll be free,
At least to the Dutch Company."
Thus did manor lords agree:
"If England will confirm our grants,
It will not change our circumstance."
(Farmers): Hopeful peasantry spoke thus:
"British rule? What's that to us?
Change is not so serious,
They may be more generous!"

III

The English Occupation

And now begin a hundred years of British rule and British grants,
When English country manor life the farming of the Dutch supplants.
The city now is called New York, the river, its explorer's name;
They called New Harlem *Lancaster,* but could not crush its prior claim.
The lower town expanded northward, streets were paved, and post roads laid
Linking manors with the city's theatre and growing trade.
Old Trinity was built on ground the same church occupies today,
For with the broader English rule religious freedom came to stay.
Stately homes with pillared porches rose along the river's shore,
And crowned the rolling hills of Harlem in these storied days of yore,
Claremont, near us, was a manor named for Irish County Clare,
In nostalgia, by its owner, for his distant homeland fair.

Scarsdale, Fordham, and Van Cortlandt, all familiar names today,
Pelham Manor, Phillipse Manor, had their dawn in that far day.

Oh, the easy, graceful living of the lords and ladies then;
Oh, the charm of lovely women, and the splendor of the men,
As they moved with gentle bearing through the richly furnished halls
Where ancestral portraits frowned or smiled from finely panelled walls!

(First Warning—Rebellious Tenant Farmers)
"But what care we for panelled walls, or paintings there of men forgot?
We, the living, are forgotten, chained in mediaeval plot!
Who has set you up our masters, viewing us from mansioned heights,
Made your leases permanent, and given your sons dynastic rights?
Heed the warning of the farmers marching down a thousand strong
From the Phillipse Manor southward all the Hudson Heights along,
Declaring manor rents abolished, setting prisoned tenants free,
Dragging through the mud and beating magistrates for their decrees!

"HEED THE WARNING OF THE FARMERS!"

Oh, the graciousness of living in those days of luxury,
When the men-folk with their ladies idly chatted at their tea,
Fingering the silver service in the yellow candle's flare
As it flickered over china tea-cups exquisite and rare;
Chatting lightly of the rumors of a governmental choice
In a matter where the people argued they should have a voice.

(Second Warning)
Will ye heed a further warning to the ruling Powers that Be
When your governors ride roughshod in high-handed tyranny,

"OH, THE GRACIOUSNESS OF LIVING IN THOSE DAYS OF LUXURY"

Jailing Zenger, editor, for printing truths they would suppress?
Will ye heed the victory for the Freedom of the Press?

Oh, the glamor that surrounded all the manor living then,
In the fashions of the women and the polish of the men;
When they lighted from their coaches in their velvet and brocade
On the arms of slaves accustomed to the sightly, gay parade.
When the elegance of England and the courtliness of France
Met, as partners joined to pace the stately measure of the dance!

(Third Warning—Tax Rebellion)
Ye who live so richly, careless of the burdens you impose,
Symbols of the power behind you, heedless of a people's woes,
Hear the final warning issuing up and down the river's shores;
"We will not pay your unfair tribute: we will be enslaved no more!"

Dance away, ye smiling partners, dance away in
unconcern:
Warnings now have had their ending; there are
lessons ye must learn.

INTERLUDE

There's a cloud
Like a shroud,
There's an ugly sound, and loud;
There's a shadow on the sun
That's begun
There to spread
And to spread
And to cast a gloom ahead
Till the light is growing dim
And the look of things is grim:
What's that loud persistent sound
All around?
Quaking ground?
RUN!
For the music, with the sun,
Disappears.
The dance is done . . .
WAR ! ! !

IV
THE REVOLUTION

A state of war is recognized
By Continental Congress.
The Army, summoned to the Commons,
By call of its commander, Washington,
Hears read immortal words
Declaring independence for the Colonies
Of any rule henceforth except their own.

Here in our neighborhood were battles waged,
Here were encamped
The troops of Washington,
And on this very ground
Where towers our church
Old General Putnam stood to thwart
Advance of British army flank.
And over there, upon the Point of Rocks
Where Convent Avenue now runs
Stood Washington himself directing
His forces as the battle waged
On Harlem Heights . . .
And there he watched
The first destruction of the life
Which had existed through a hundred years.

V
WAR'S AFTERMATH

The sounds of battle die, and dark descends.
And quiet of the after-hurricane;
And with the dawn a grayness that extends
The length and breadth of war's destructive
train.

Where curls the smoke on yonder dreary mound
Was once a loyal Britisher's domain:
The Colonists have levelled to the ground
A splendor that shall never shine again.

Or there, where now is emptiness and blight,
A rebel's lofty residence arose,
Burned in the fever of the fight
In Briton's zeal to punish Britain's foes.

Where once the Indians stalked the wooded land,
And busy Dutchmen tilled the fertile soil,
And British manor lords and ladies grand
Lived gaily from their tenants' ceaseless toil,

The neighborhood lies desolate and charred,
Awaiting from the gentle hand of Time
The healing touch on lands war-torn and scarred,
The cleansing of the marks of battle's grime.

But war's convulsion has its after-pain,
And chaos and confusion lie ahead;
The persecuted Tories who remain,
Whose homes are gone, whose kin and hopes
are dead,

Join hoodlum gangs from town and countryside
And march upon the ruined mansion sites
To dig where rumored treasure still may hide,
Or loot deserted homes along the Heights.

The little houses of Manhattanville
Are closed and barred against their thieving
hands,
The dwellers dare not venture out at will
For fear of harm from ruthless, lawless bands.

So, from the wave of violence and pelf,
Is born in the affrighted neighborhood
The urge at last to look beyond itself
In common striving for common good;

And laws for juvenile delinquency
Are passed, the first to make good folk aware
That causes and effects of vagrancy
Of unhoused, untaught youth are their affair.

INTERLUDE

In the bay new ships are steaming,
Docks with raucous life are teeming;
On the pavements horse-hoofs clatter,
In the shops the women chatter;
Blacksmiths' forges clang and cling;
Wheels of manufacturing

Whir and buzz and hum and sing;
Trucks are hauling, trucksters calling,
Noisy throats are clamoring;
Lusty peddlers shout their wares
Through the busy thoroughfares;
Tavern hosts roar jovial greeting,
Streams of new arrivals meeting;
Railroads' strident shrieks resound,
Picks and hammers strike and pound;
—Building! Growth on every hand
As the city's bounds expand.

VI

A Hundred Years of Building

Manhattan's life grew busier as day by day
Incoming ships disgorged their human loads
And folk from many lands and many climes
With strange new accents stepped upon our shores,
Surged through the streets, rubbed shoulders with the crowd,
And presently
Became a part of all they saw.

The human tide flowed northward, homes were built
Along both rivers' green and shady shores:
Fine, comfortable homes with porches wide,
And sloping lawns where children laughed and played,
And landings where the ferries made their stops.
Between the rivers straggling roads crept north
Beyond the city to suburban homes
As far away from noise of trade and mart
As in the Forties.
Yet still the roads moved on to other towns,
And omnibuses on the old Post Road
Would carry fares to Yorkville and to Harlem.
The Harlem Railroad, too, ran lines of cars
To these far points. And farther west,
Along the road called Bloomingdale,
More country homes stretched northward to the waste
New generations know as Central Park.
Skirting this, along "Eighth Avenue"
The horsecar with its jingling harness bells
Would penetrate to Harlem, and connect
The homes and farms, and villages
Of Bloomingdale and old Manhattanville.

With transportation opening up the land
The population spread, and east and west
Of Central Park
They "squatted" in their huts and tents and shacks,
Or built their cottages. For still they came—
The Irish from their famine-stricken land,
Driven from home by bitter, biting want;
The Germans, victims of oppression,
Of insurrection and intolerance;
And others, to escape the deadening hand
Of persecution, war, and poverty.
With hope they came, with courage, and with dreams
Of rich new life and opportunity;
A thousand souls a day from Europe's shores
To populate our towns and villages.
A thousand souls a day
Bartholdi's statue welcomed
Into the harbor of the brave new world.
"Give me your tired, your poor," it bade,
"Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
. . . Send these, the homeless, the tempest tost to me:
I lift my lamp beside the golden door."*

And so they came, with gifts to their new home
To strengthen and enrich and to expand
The life they found here.

So they gave,
And so they built, and so the city grew.
The elevated railroad paved the way
For new development of unclaimed land,
And dwellings housing many families
Soon filled the gaps between the villages.
The little churches built to serve a few
In Harlem, Bloomingdale, Manhattanville,
Were joined by sister churches or replaced
By larger edifices. On our hill
A great cathedral rose, and hospitals
Were reared. . . . Throughout the neighborhood
New schools were built—too soon inadequate
To meet the population's huge demands
For education of its growing hordes.
Where British forces in a war long past
Advanced through fields of grain, to be cut off
By General Putnam's troops, and where
The barrier gateway of McGowan's Pass
Held steadfast in the War of 1812,
Columbia University moved in
To crown the heights of one-time Bloomingdale,
Now part of great Manhattan's area.
The limits of the subway line were stretched
To make the University its final stop;
And with this step the character
Of all our hill was changed.
Apartment houses lined the new-paved streets
With shops to cater to the special needs

*From pedestal of Statue of Liberty.

Of students, teachers and executives,
And made more possible the coming here
Of other institutions—seminaries,
Churches, schools for music and for art,
Whose portals, like the University's,
Have welcomed folk of every land and race.

Our eyes have seen transformed a waste of wild
and rocky ground,
And blasted stone and hammered steel have
filled the air with sound;
The builders' din has nearly drowned, through
seventy years and more,
The fainter sound of human voices lifted at our
door:
The voices of a people fleeing bonds of slavery,
Stopping, settling, short of free New England's
boundary:
Caught, bewildered, shackled in a strangling
hold again,
Hoping still the age-old search for freedom is not
in vain:
Unrecognized through years, their problem little
understood.
We see them form a mighty section of our
neighborhood.
Battling with discouragement, injustices and
wrong.
Triumphant yet they keep their faith, their
vision and their song.

"TRIUMPHANT YET THEY KEEP THEIR FAITH, THEIR VISION AND THEIR SONG"

To many needs our eyes are blinded still,
Our hands are idle, and our wills asleep;
And yet throughout the period of growth
Upon our hill, beginning from the time
When harried householders were forced to think
Beyond themselves to others' destiny,
And join in group responsibility,
New means and agencies have come to life
From men's desire to serve their fellow-men
And work together for a common good:
Through clinics and Day Nurseries,
Through hospitals and libraries,
Through efforts of Coöperatives,
Through recreation programs
Of Centers and of Churches,
Through Homes for children and for youth
Of this and other lands.

(Dr. Peters and Blind Child, Forerunner of Sheltering Arms Institution)

Little Blind Child of a far-off day,
Crying when your mother went away
To work for you and earn the sandwich there
She left with milk beside your little chair,
You could not know what friendly ear would
heed,
Or where your lonely, frightened cry would lead.

You could not know
When Dr. Peters, on his pastor's rounds,
Heard through your door those helpless wailing
sounds,
And entered there to answer your alarms,
What warm embrace was in his sheltering arms!

You could not know
That he would take you home and keep you
there
Each day, with other babes who needed care,
Until his pleas had built a roomy Home
For "temporary" care for years to come.
You could not know
How many there have blessed you for your cry
The day that kindly gentleman passed by.

(Dr. Edmonds Meeting Chinese Student on the Street, Forerunner of International House)

And you, young student from the Orient,
On learning western ways and knowledge bent,
Who, homesick for your country, have not heard
In this strange land a single friendly word,
But day by day, from boarding house to class,
Are thoughtlessly ignored by all who pass,
May learn that in the handclasp of a friend
Lie possibilities that have no end.

When Dr. Edmonds met you on your way
And greeted you, and stopped, and heard you
say
That he was first to take you by the hand,
Your loneliness to seem to understand—

A vision, farther-reaching than he knew,
Was given glorious birth, because of you.

From Sunday suppers in the Edmonds home
Where foreign students quickly learned to come,
To clubs and programs Cosmopolitan
The dream of International House began—
Where youths "within the four seas" live as friends,
And fellowship all difference transcends.

Youth of our land and others!
Take heart, for there may yet be understood
The meaning of the practice, Brotherhood.

The life we celebrate tonight is old;
Though new our dwelling place, our roots dig deep
Into the soil of centuries, where men
Have struggled and have died to win
The values that we cherish. This freedom is not ours
But theirs, who won it for us. Only ours
When we, with will that matches theirs,
And vision clear that pierces time and dark,
Shall see where human life is still enslaved
And work until *all* bonds are cut,
And freedom is secure for every man.

Not while the tenements loom stark and dark
In our near neighborhood shall this thing be;
Not while the children cry
For light and air and space to run and play;
Not while their poverty breeds crime and vice
Within our very sight;
Not while indifference to others' lives
Gives birth to revolution and to hate.

O God of Ages, as our second hundred years
Unfold before us, keep us mindful of the past,
And help us learn the lessons history would teach!
"O God of Ages, help us
Such citizens to be
That children's children here may sing
Their songs of liberty!"

EPILOGUE

We stood upon a high hill, where past and present merged;
The future out beyond
Was lighted with a strange effulgent glow,
And all the city's towers
Took on a beauty of a new transcendency.
Nor height, nor size, nor structural magnificence
Were part of this mysterious radiance.
New recognition filled our being, and in awe
We heard a Voice
From out of Time and Space
Give meaning to the glory that we saw.

"Look well into the past," it charged,
"And to the present view,
From peaceful scenes of Nature's lavish hand
To crowded tenements and thoroughfares
Created by Man's greed and restless living;
For He who made the forests in their beauty
Made Man with beauty born into his soul,
And with each man his greatest gift, the power of choice.
Yourselves can choose
To make of this community
A spot as full of beauty as the forest,
With soil to nourish souls, instead of trees,
With space for souls, instead of branches to expand,
To breathe and to reach upward to the skies.
Choose now, and build your world,
Remembering the lessons of the past."

▽

WINNING THE WAR OF IDEAS

(Concluded from page 116)

democracy, but that suggests today an outward battle between some nations and others. True enough! Desperately true! But the conflict runs deeper than that. It is a war between profoundly diverse ideas, and that war can be ultimately won only within ourselves. Outer battles will not settle it. Alas, in the very process of trying to win a modern totalitarian war, the democracies themselves inevitably swing over toward the dictatorial philosophy. This deeper war, that was here before the outer battle started and will be here afterwards, must be won in the minds and spirits of men, and the whole Christian cause is involved in it. Christ died "for every man." So long as that faith stands, and even a few believe it, the individualist-universalist gospel, which is the hope of the world, will not have perished from the earth.

Dr. Fosdick preached the foregoing sermon March 16, 1941.

The Historical Exhibition

By Mary Tanner Fairchild

The crowds that in February showed such a lively interest in the historical exhibition, held in connection with the church's centennial, found that this community in which the present church is located—Manhattanville that was, and the heights overlooking it to the north and the south—is rich in historical material. In so little space we can but touch here on the more unusual of the 314 objects so generously loaned for the exhibition that came from all parts of the city to help us rediscover historically the significant facts of this region.

Columbia University, the Union and Jewish Theological Seminaries, St. Luke's and Knickerbocker Hospitals, the Manhattanville Convent of the Sacred Heart and the Catholic Church of the Annunciation, St. Mary's Episcopal Church, and Public School 43—one of the oldest in the city—the Sheltering Arms Orphanage and the Manhattanville Day Nursery, and the Henry Street Visiting Nurse Center, were among the institutions that have functioned here within the last hundred years, and which sent us exhibits to show their beginnings, development, or the present service they are rendering the community.

New York Hospital sent four large framed photographs of the Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum, which when built in 1821 was considered one of the best equipped asylums for the insane in the world. Its old gate-house still exists at Broadway and 114th Street, and its grounds were to be occupied in 1897 by Columbia University. From St. Mary's Church came an old oil painting showing, in his red Tory coat, Jacob Schieffelin, the most prominent citizen of Manhattanville, who gave the land for St. Mary's Church, which in 1831 was to become the first free-pew church in New York and possibly in the country. From the George Bruce Memorial Library came an unusual photograph of the first building of the Knickerbocker Hospital, the "Manhattanville Dispensary," founded in 1862 to give immediate aid to returning Civil War soldiers and anticipating the ambulance service that Bellevue Hospital was to inaugurate in 1875.

It was to be expected that from the museums and printshops of the city, and from those individuals whose forebears had lived along the Bloomingdale Road a hundred years ago, would come unusually significant material. From the Museum of the City of New York came a rare colored lithograph of the Manhattanville of about 1840, some Lorillard family silver, and a fascinating portable set showing the history of transportation in New York. The New York Historical Association furnished a photograph of the famous "Buckwheat Field," the scene of the main action of the Battle of Harlem Heights, and on which in 1897 Barnard College was to build; also a daguerreotype of Daniel Tiemann, mayor of New York in 1858 and 1859, who established the first factory in the community. From the Museum of Modern Art came two Early American folk-paintings, recently

given to the museum by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; Robert Fridenberg's shop loaned a rare oil painting of the burial place of General Grant as it existed before the present tomb was erected, and a print of "Claremont," where from 1787 to 1802 lived the Pollocks, whose marble monument, "erected to the memory of an amiable child," remains inviolate after all these years. Of unusual interest was the collection of about fifty items—rare miniatures, silhouettes, silver, Lowestoft china, old records of the community—generously contributed by the great-grandson of Joshua Clibborn, who lived at 119th Street and Riverside Drive at his estate, "Summerville," from 1824 to 1842. Equally attractive were many rare heirlooms loaned by members of The Riverside Church, among them a signed Lincoln photograph, a valentine of 1820, two charming Quaker bonnets, a doll of 1760, and a fireman's hat used in old Manhattanville 107 years ago.

Finally, near the exit stood the plaster replica of The Riverside Church, the most recent member of the community, young in years of service here, but a proved and indispensable addition to those religious, educational, and philanthropic institutions which by settling here have brought such distinction to our neighborhood.

A CORNER OF THE EXHIBIT

HEIRLOOMS OF RIVERSIDE CHURCH MEMBERS

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THE ANNIVERSARY

(Continued)

This is the second month in which almost our entire available space has been given over to news of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the church. The addresses on Sunday and Wednesday of Anniversary Week were of such historical significance as to call for their publication that they might become a part of our permanent records. The March CHURCH MONTHLY was used for that purpose.

The pageant "Builders" on Friday evening of that week, and the Historical Exhibit which was a feature of the celebration, were likewise of historical significance, and are finding their respective places in this issue. We are grateful to Mrs. Jeanette Perkins Brown, who wrote the pageant, for making the script available to us, and to Mrs. Hoxie Fairchild for her "labor of love" in setting up the exhibit.

The whole narrative signifies the reality of the place of Riverside Church in Morningside Heights Community as of 1941. We list the following neighborhood projects with which the church is coöperating in friendly service, personal leadership and financial support as evidences of our continued interest:

Church of the Master.
Community Service Society.
Coöperation in programs of Harlem and Riverside District Institutions conducted in Riverside Church Building.
Knickerbocker Hospital.
Manhattanville Day Nursery.
Manhattanville Summer Play School.
Negro Educational Center.
New York Diet Kitchen.
Sheltering Arms.
St. Luke's Hospital.
Uptown Y. M. C. A.
Henry Street Visiting Nurse Service.
Work for Protestant Students on Columbia Campus.